

# **The playe of the weather.**

**A netow and a very merve enters  
lude of all maner wethers  
made by Ihon Hey-  
woode.  
(.°.)**

**The players names**

**Jupiter a God.  
Mery report the byce.  
The Gentleman.  
The Marchante.  
The Ranger.  
The Water Miller.  
The Winde Miller.  
The Gentlewoman.  
The Launder.  
I hope the leste that can playe.**



**Jupiter.**

**R**ight farre to long as nowe were to recyte  
That aunciēt estate wherin our selfe haue rayned  
:: :: what honour, what laude geuen vs of very ryght  
what glory we haue had duely vnfayned  
Of eche creatour which dewty hath constraind  
For aboue all goddes synce our fathers fall  
we Jupiter were euer principall.

If we so haue bene as truth it is in dede  
Beyond the compasse of all comparyson  
whoe could presume to shewe for any mede  
So that it myght appeare to humayne reason  
The hye renowne we stand in at this sealon  
For synce that heauen and earth were first create  
Stode we neuer in such tryumphant estate.

As we nowe do wherof we wyll report  
Such part as we see mete for tyme present  
Chieflye concerning your perpetuall comforte  
As the thing it selfe shall proue in experyment  
Which highly shall binde you on knees lowly bent  
Soly to honour our hyghnes day by day  
And nowe to the matter, geue eare and we shall saye.

Before our presence in our hye parlyament  
Both godds and goddesses of all degrees  
Hath late assembled by common assent  
For the redress of certayne enormyties  
Bred among them thoroowe extremyties  
Abused in eche to other of them all  
Namely to purpose in these mooste speciall.

A.ii.

Our

Our forsayde father Saturne and Phebus  
Colus and Phebe these foure by name  
Whose natures not onely are so farre contrarious  
But also of inalyce eche other to defame  
Haue long tyme abused ryght far out of frame  
The dewe course of all their constellations  
To the great damage of all earthly nations.

Which was debated in place sayde before  
And first as became our father most auncient  
With berde whyte as snowe his locks both cold and hote  
Hath entred such matters as serued his intent  
Laudyng his frost y mannyon in the firmament  
To aye and earth as thyngs most precious  
Pourgynge all humours that are contagious.

Howe be it he alledgeth that of long tyme paste  
Litle hath preuayled his great dyligence  
Full oft vpon earth his fayre frost he hath cast  
All things hurtfull to banyshe out of presence  
But Phebus entendynge to kepe him in sylence  
When he hath laboured all nyght in his powres  
His glaryng beames marreth all in two hotores.

Phebus to this made no maner aunswere  
Wherupon they both then Phebe defyed  
Eche in his parte leyd in her reprouyng  
That by her howres superfluous they haue tryed  
In all that she may their poutes be denyed  
Wherunto Phebe made aunswere no more  
Then Phebus to Saturne had made before.

Inone vpon Colus all these dyd flye

Complai

Complaynyng their causes eche one a rowe  
And sayde to compate none was so rayl as he  
For when he is disposed his blastes to blowe  
He suffreth neither sunne shyne rayne nor snowe  
Then eche agaynst other and he agaynst all thye  
Thus can these foure in no maner agre.

Which sene in them selues and farther consideryng  
The same to redresse was cause of theire assemble  
And also that we evermore bringe  
Besyde our puyssant power of diet  
Of wisdom and nature so noble and fre  
From all extremityes the meane deuidyng  
To peace and plentye eche thing attemperyng.

They haue in conclusion wholly sundred  
Into our hands as muche concerning  
All maner wethers by them engendred  
The full of their powers from terme everlasting  
To set such order as standeth with our pleasynge  
Which thing as of our parte no parte required  
But of all theire partes ryght humbly desyred

To take vpon vs whereto we dyd assente  
And so in all things with one voyce agreeable  
we haue clerely finished our forsayde parlement  
To your great wealth which shall be fyne and stable  
And to our honour farre inestimable  
For synce their powers as ours addyd to our owne  
who can we saye knowe vs as we should be knowen?

But nowe for fyne the rest of our entent  
Wherfore as nowe we hyther are descended

A.iii.

Is one

Is only to satisfie and content  
all maner people which haue ben offended  
By any weather mete to be amended  
Upon whose complaynts declaring their grieve  
We shall haue remedy for their reliefe.

As to geue knowledge for their hither resorte  
We would this afore proclaymed to be  
To all our people by some one of thys sorte  
Whome we lyst to chuse here amongst all ye  
Wherfore eche man auauance and we shall se  
Which of you is most mete to be our cryer.

**C**Here entreteth Mery reporte.

**C**Mery reporte.

Brother hold vp your torche a little hyer  
Nowe I beseeche you my lord looke on me first  
I trust your lordshipp shall not fynde me the worst

**C**Jupiter.

why what art thou that approchest so nye:

**C**Mery reporte.

Forsoth and please your lordshipp it is I.

**C**Jupiter.

All that we knowe very well, but what I.

**C**Mery reporte.

What I: some saye I am I perle I.  
But what maner I shouer be I.  
I assure your good lordshipp I am I.

**C**Jupiter.

what maner man art thou shewe quickelye.

**C**Mery reporte.

By god a poore gentleman dwelleth hereby.

**C**Jupiter.

A gentleman thy selfe byngeth witness naye.

Both

Both in thy lyght behauiour and aray  
But what art thou called where thou doste resorte

**C** Mery reporte.

Forsoth my lord mayster Mery reporte.

**C** Jupiter.

Thou art no mete man in our busynes  
For thyne apparance is of much lyghtnes

**C** Mery reporte.

Why cannot your lordshipp lyke my order,  
My apparell nor my name nother.

**C** Jupiter.

To none of all we haue deuotion:

**C** Mery reporte.

A proper lykelyhode of propozcion  
Well than as wise as ye seme to be  
Yet can ye se no wisdom in me  
But synce ye dispraise me for so lyght an elfe  
I praye you geue me leaue to praysse my selfe  
And for the fyrst part I wyll begynne  
In my behauiour at my comynge in  
Wherin I thinke I haue litle offended  
For sure my curtesy could not be amended  
And as for my sute your seruaunt to bee  
Myght yll haue ben myste for your honestye  
For as I be saued if I shall not lye  
I laboe no man setoe for the office but I  
Wherfore if ye take me not or I go  
Ye must anone whether ye wyll or no  
And since your intents is but for the weathers  
What skyles our apparell to be frye or fether.  
I thinke it wisdom synce no man forbade it  
With this to spare a better if I had it  
And for my name reportyng alwaye trewly

what

What hurt so repozse a sad matter merely  
As by occasion for the same entent  
To a certayne wydowe thys daye was I sent  
Whose husbände departed without witting  
I speeciall good louer and she his owne sweettynge  
To whome at my commyng I cast such a figure  
Mynnglyng the matter accordyng to my nature  
That when we departed aboue all other thynges  
She thanketh me hartely for my mery tydynges  
And if I had not handled it merely  
Perchaunce she myght haue taken it heauely  
But in such facion I couniured and bounde her  
That I left her meryer then I founde her  
What man may compare to shewe the lyke comfote  
That dayly is shewed by me Mery repozse  
And for your purpose at thys tyme ment  
For all weathers I am so indifferent  
Sunne lyght, mone light, ster light, tow light, forch, light,  
Cold, hete, moyst dry haile raine trost snow lightnig thuder  
Cloudy, misty, wyndy, fryze, fowle aboue head or vnder  
Temperate or distemperate what euer it be  
I promise your lordshyp all is one to me  
Jupiter.

Well sonne considering thine indifferency  
And partel, the rest of thy declaracion  
We make thee our seruaut, and immediatly  
We wyll thou departe and cause proclamacion  
Publishing our pleasure to euery natiō  
Which thing once done with all dyligence  
Make thy retorne agayne to thys presence.

Here to receyue al sewters of eche degree

And

And such as maye seeme to thee most meetely  
we wyll thou bring them before our maiestye  
And for the rest that be not so worthy  
Make thou reporte to vs effectually  
So that we maye here eche manner sute at large  
Thus se thou departe and looke vpon thy charge  
¶ Very reporte.

Nowe good my lord god, our lady be with ye  
frendes a felowshyp let me go by ye  
Thynke ye I may stand thrusting among you there  
Nay by god I must thrust about other gere.

¶ Very reporte goeth out.

¶ At the end of the state the god hath a songe played  
in his trone or Very reporte come in.

¶ Jupiter.

Nowe synce we haue thus farre set forth our purpose  
A while we wyll with drawe our godly presence  
To embold all such more playnly to dysclose  
As here wyll attend in our forsayde pretence  
And nowe according to your obedience  
Reioyce ye in vs with ioy most ioyfully  
And we our selfe shall ioy in our owne glozy

¶ Very reporte commeth in.

¶ Very reporte.

Nowe syrs take hede for here commeth gods seruaunte  
Auaunt carterly keytyfes auaunte  
why ye drunken hozelons wyll it not be  
By your fayth haue ye nother cap nor knee  
Not one of you that wyll make curtesy  
To me that am squyre for gods precious body  
Regarde ye nothyng myne authorite  
No welcome home, nor where haue ye be  
How be it if ye axed I could not well tell,

B.i.

But sure

But sure I thinke a thousand myle from hell.  
And on my faith I thinke on my conscience,  
I haue bene from heauen, as farre as heauen is hence.  
At Louin, at London, and at Lumbardy,  
at Baldecke, at Barfold, and at Barbary.  
At Canterbury, at Couentrye, and at Colchester  
at Mansworth, at Welbecke, and at Westchester.  
At Fulham, at Saleborne, and at Fenlowe,  
at Wallingforth, at Wakefelde, and at Maltamstow.  
At Tabocon, at Typtre, and at Cotnam,  
at Glouceter, at Gylford, and at Gotham.  
At Harford, at Harwyche, at Harrow on the hyl,  
at Sutbery, at Southhampton, and at Shooters hyl.  
At Wallingham, at Witham, and at Warwicke,  
at Boston, at Bystow, and at Barwicke.  
At Graueling, at Grauesend, and at Glaffenbery  
Ynge Singiang Iabierd the parish of Butsbery.  
The denil himselfe without more leasure,  
Could not haue gone halfe so much I am sure.  
But now I haue warned them let them euen choose,  
For in fayth I care not who wyne or lose.

¶ Here the Gentleman before he cometh in  
bloweth his horne.

¶ My report.

Now by my trouth this was a good hearing,  
I went it had bene the Gentlewoman's blowyng.  
But it is not so as I now suppose,  
For womens hornes sound more in a mans nose.

¶ Gentleman.

Stand ye mery my friendes every chone.

¶ My report.

Say that to me, and let the rest alone.  
Sye ye be welcome and all your meiny.

Gentle

**C Gentleman.**

Now in good sooth my friend Godamercy.  
And sythe that I meete thee here thus by chaunce,  
I shal require thee of further acquayntaunce.  
And briefely to shew thee this is the matter:  
I come to sue to the great God Jupiter,  
For helpe of thinges concerning my recreation,  
According to his late proclamation.

**C Mery reporte.**

Mary and I am he that this must speede.  
But first tel me what ye be in deede.

**C Gentleman.**

Forsooth good friend I am a Gentleman.

**C Mery report.**

A goodly occupation by saynt Anne.  
On my fayth your maytyp hath a mery lyfe.  
But who maketh al these hornes, your self or your wyfe?  
Nay even in earnest I aske you this question.

**C Gentleman.**

Now by my trouth thou art a mery one.

**C Mery report.**

In fayth of vs both I thinke neuer a one sad,  
For I am not so mery, but you seme as mad.  
But stand ye styll and take a litle payne.  
I wyl come to you by and by agayne.  
Now gracious God, if your wyl so be,  
I pray ye let me speake a woord with ye.

**C Jupiter.**

My sonne say on, let vs heare thy mynde.

**C Mery report.**

My Lord there standeth a suter even here behinde,  
A gentleman in yonder corner,  
And as I thinke his name is maister horner.

B. II.

I hum

I hunter he is, and cometh to make you spote,  
He would hunt a cow or twayne out of this sort.

Here he poynteth to the woman.

Jupiter.

What so euer hys mynde be let him appeare.

Mery report.

Now good maister hornet I pray you come nere,

Gentleman.

I am no honer knaue, I wyll thou knowe it.

Mery report.

I thought ye had, for when ye dyd blow it,  
Heard I neuer boorson make horne so go,  
As leefte ye kylt myne ars, as blow my hole so.  
Come on your way before the God Jupiter,  
And there for your selfe ye shall be suter.

Gentleman.

Most mighty Prince, and God of every nation,  
Pleaseth your highnes to vouchsafe the hearing,  
Of me, which according to your proclamation,  
Doth make appearaunce in way of beseching.  
Not sole for my selfe, but generally,  
For al that come of noble and auncient stocke,  
Which sorte about al doth most thankfully,  
Dayly take payne for wealth of the common stocke,  
Wyth diligent study alway deuising,  
To keepe them in order and vntle,  
In peace to labour the increase of their lyuing,  
Whereby eche may prosper in plentie.  
Wherfore good God this is our whole desyring,  
That for ease of our paynes at times vacaunt,  
In our recreation chiefe ye is hunting,  
It may please you to send vs weather pleasant,  
Dry and not misty, the wynde calme and still,

That

That after our houndes louting to meryly,  
Chasyng the Deate ouer dale and hyl,  
In hearing we may follow and comfort the cry.  
Jupiter.

Ryght well we do perceiue your tohole request,  
Whych shall not fayle to rest in memozye,  
Wherfore we wyll ye set your selfe at rest,  
Tyl we haue heard eche man indifferentlye,  
And we shal take such order vniuersally,  
As best may stand to our honour infinite,  
For wealth in comon, & ech mans singular profyt.

Gentleman.

In heauen and earth honoured be the name  
Of Iuppyter, whomin of his godly goodnes,  
Hath set this matter in so goodly frame,  
That euery wight shal haue his desire doutles.  
And first for vs nobles and gentlemen,  
I doubt not in his wysdom to prouide,  
Such weather, as in our hunting now and then,  
We may both teyle and receaue on euery syde.  
Which thing once had for our sayd recreation,  
Shal greatly preuaile you in preferring our helth  
For what thing more needeful then our preservation  
Being the weale and heades of al comunon welth

¶ Very reporte.

Now I beseech your maytyp whose head be you  
Gentleman

Whose head am I thy hed, what saiest thou nob

¶ Very reporte.

Nay, I thincke it very true so God me helpe,  
For I haue euer bene of a litle whelpe,  
So rul of fanys, and in so many fyts,  
So many small reasons, and so many wyts,

B.iii.

That

That euen as I stand I pray God I be dead,  
If euer I thought them al meete for my head.  
But sythe I haue one head more then I knewe,  
Blame not my reioysing, I loue althinges newe.  
And sure it is a treasure of heads to haue store.  
One seate can I now that I neuer could before.

Gentleman.

What is that?

My report:

By God synce ye came hyther,  
I can set my head and my tayle together.  
This head shal saue mony by saynt Mary.  
From hence forth I wyll haue no Potecary  
For at al times when such thinges shal miste,  
My newe head shal geue myne old head a glister.  
And after al this then shal my head wayte,  
Upon my tayle, and there stand at receyte.  
Sy for the rest I wyl not now moue you,  
But if we liue, ye shal see how I loue you.  
And sir touching your sute here depart when it please  
For be ye sure as sone as I can I wyl ease you. (you

Gentleman.

Then geue me thy hande that promise I take.  
And if for my sake any sute thou doest make,  
I promyse thy paine to be requited,  
More largely then now shal be recited.

My report.

Alas my necke, Gods pity where is my head,  
By saynt Iue I feare me I shal be dead.  
And if it were, me thinke it were no wonder,  
Sythe my head and my body is so farre a sunder.  
Maister parson welcome by my lyfe.  
I pray you how doth my maystres your wyfe?

Marchaunt.

**There entresth the Marchaunt.**

**Marchaunt.**

**Sir for the presthod and wyfe that ye alledge  
I se ye speake moze of dotage then knowledge  
But let passe syr I woulde to you be a suter  
To bying me if ye can before Jupiter**

**Very reporte.**

**Yes mary can I, and wyll do it in dede  
Cary and I shall make waye for your spede  
In fayth good lorde if it please your gracious godshyp  
I must haue a word or twayne with your lordshype  
Syr yonder is another man in place  
Whoe maketh greate sute to speake with your grace  
Your pleasure once knowen he commeth by and by.**

**Jupiter.**

**Bring hym before our presence soone hardly**

**Very reporte.**

**Why where be you shall I not fynde ye,  
Come away I pray God the deuill blinde ye.**

**Marchaunt**

**Do st mighty prince and Lord of Lordes all,  
Right humbly besecheth your maiestye,  
Your marchaunt men thozow the world all,  
That it may please you of your benignitie  
In the dayly daunger of our goods and lyfe  
first to consider the deserte of our request,  
What wealth we bring, the rest to our great care & strife  
And then to rewarde vs as you shal thinke best.  
What were the surplusage of eche commoditie  
Which groweth and increaseth in euery land:  
Except exchaunge by such men as we be,  
By way of entercours that lyeth in our hand:  
We fraught from home thynges wherof there is plenty,  
And home we bying such thynges as there be scant**

**Who**

Who should afore vs marchauntes accomted be:  
For were not we, the world should with and want,  
In many thinges, which now shal lacke rehearal.  
And brievely to conclude we beseeche your highnes,  
That of the benefyt proclaimed in general,  
We may be partakers for common encrease,  
Stabiliing weather thus pleasynge your grace,  
Stormy nor misty, the windes measurable,  
That safely we may passe from place to place,  
Bearing our sayles for speede most valeable.  
And also the wynde to chaunge and to turne,  
East, west, North and South, as best may be set,  
In any one place not to long to sojourne,  
For the length of our viage may leese our market.

**C Jupiter.**

Right wel haue ye sayd, and we accept it so,  
And so shall we rewarde you when we go hence,  
But ye must take pacience tyl we haue heard mo,  
That we may indifferently geue sentence,  
There may passe by vs no spot of negligence,  
But iustly to iudge eche thing so bryght,  
That eche mans part may shine in the selfe right.

**C Mery reporte.**

Now syr by your sayth if it should be swozne,  
Heard ye euer God speake so synce ye were bozne:  
So wisely, so gently bys wordes be shewed.

**C Marchaunt.**

I thanke his grace, my sute is wel bestowed.

**C Mery reporte,**

Syr what viage entende ye next to go to:

**C Marchaunt.**

I trust ere mydient to be at Sio.

**C Mery reporte,**

Ha ha is it your mynde to sayle at Syo  
Say then when ye wyll byz lady ye may go  
And let me alone with this be of good chere  
Ye must trust me at Syo as well as here  
For though ye were fro me a thousand myle space  
I would do as muche as ye were here in place  
For since that from hence it is so farre thither  
I care not though ye neuer came agayne hether

**C**Marchaunt.

Syr if ye remember me when tyme shall come  
Though I rebuyte not all I shall deserue some

**C**Great Marchaunt.

**C**Mery report.

Now fare ye well and god thanke you by saint Anne  
I pray yon marke the facion of thys honest man  
He putteth me in more trust at his metyng here  
Then he shall fynde cause why thys twentye yere

**C**Here entreth the ranger,

**C**Ranger.

God be here, now Christ kepe thys company

**C**Mery report.

In fayth ye be welcome euen very scantly  
Syr for your comyng what is the matter.

**C**Ranger.

I would fayne speake with the god Jupiter

**C**Mery report.

That wyll not be but ye may do thys  
Tell me your mynde I am an officer of hys

**C**Ranger.

Be ye so, mary I crye you mercy  
Your maisterhopp may say I am homely  
But syns your mynde is to haue reported  
The cause wherfore I am now reioyced

**C**i.

**P**leaseth

Pleaseth your maysterhippe so to do  
I come for my selfe and such other mo  
Rangers and keepers of certayne places  
As forestes, parkes, parlewes, and chaces,  
Where we be charged with all maner game  
Smale is our prophete and great is our blame  
Alas for our wages what be we the nere  
What is forty Wyllings or fyue marke a yere  
Many tymes and oft when we be sittynge  
We spend forty pence a pece at a sittynge  
Now for our bauntage which chesely is windfall  
That is ryght naught there bloweth no wind at all  
Which is the thing wherein we finde most grieve  
And cause of my comynge to sue for reliefe  
That the god of pitie all this thing knowinge  
May send vs good rage of blustryng and blowing  
And if we cannot get god to do some good  
I would hyre the diuyl to runne thorow the woods  
The rootes to turne vp, the toppes to bring vnder  
A mischiefe vpon them and a wild thunder

¶ My report.

Very well sayde I set by your charite  
As much in a maner as by your honestie  
I shall set you somewhat in ease anon  
We shall put on your cap when I am gone  
For I se well ye care not who winn or lese  
So ye may find meanes to winne your fees

¶ Ranger.

Sy: as in that ye speake as it please ye  
But let me speake with the god if it maye be  
I praye you let me passe ye.

¶ My report.

why may sy by the walle ye

**Ranger.**

Then wyll I leaue you euen as I found you

**Very report.**

So when ye wyll no man here hath bound you

Here entresth the Water myller, and the  
Ranger goeth  
out.

**Water myller.**

What the diuyl shoulde skyl though all the world were  
Sing in all our speakyng we neuer be hard (Dum  
we crye out for rayne the deuyl speede drop wyll come  
We water myllers be nothyng in regarde  
No water haue we to grind at any stynt  
Which kepeth our myldams as drye as a flynt  
We are vndone we grynd nothyng at all  
The greater is the pitye as thinketh me  
For what awayleth to eche man his corne  
Till it be ground by such men as we be  
Theres is the losse if we be forborne  
For touching our selues we are but drudges  
And very beggers saue onely our tole  
Which is ryght small, at it many grudges  
For griste of a bushel to geue a quart bowle  
Yet were not reperacions we myght do wele  
Our mylstone our whele with her cogges & our fryadel  
Our sluogate our mylpole our water whele  
Our hopper our extre our yron spyndel  
In this and much more so greate is our charge  
That we would not recke though no water were  
Saue onely it toucheth eche man so large  
And eche for our neighbour Chyriste byddeth vs care

**C. ii.**

wherefore

Wherfore my conscience hath pricked me hether  
In thys to shew accordyng to the cry  
For plenty of rayne to the god Jupiter  
To whose presence I wyll go euen bodely  
¶ Myrry reporte.

Syr I doubt nothyng your audacitie  
But I feare me you lacke capacitie  
For if ye were wyse ye myght well espye  
How rudly ye erre from rules of curtesye  
What ye come in reuelynge and reheyryng  
Euen as a knaue myght go to a beate baisting  
¶ Water myller.

All you beare recorde what fauour I haue  
Marke how fainly parly he calleth me knaue  
Doubtles the gentleman is vniuersal  
But marke this lesson you should neuer call  
Your felow knaue nor your brother horson  
For nought can ye get by it when ye haue done  
¶ Myrry reporte.

Thou art nother brother nor felowe to me  
For I am gods seruaunt mayst thou not se  
would ye presume to speake with the greake god  
Nay discrecion and you be to far od  
By lady these knaues shall be tyde Worster  
Syr, who let you in, spake you with the poster  
¶ Water myller.

Nay by my trouth nor with none other man  
Yet I sawe you well when I first began  
How be it so helpe me god and holydame  
I tooke you for a knaue as I am  
But mary now synce I know what ye be  
I must and wyll obey your authoritie  
And if I may not speake with Jupiter

I beseeche

**I beseeche you be my soliciter**

**¶ Whery report.**

**As in that I will be your well willer  
I perceiue you be a water miller  
And your whole desire as I take the matter  
Is plenty of raine for encrease of water  
The let wherof ye affirme determinately  
Is onely the winde your mortall enemye**

**¶ Water miller.**

**Troth it is for it bloweth so a loft  
we neuer haue raine or at the most not oft  
wherof I praye you put the god in minde  
Clereiy for euer to banishe the windo**

**¶ Here entreth the Wind miller**

**No, is all the weather gone or I come  
for the passion of god helpe me to soine  
I am a wind miller as many mo be  
No wretch in wretchednes so wretched as we  
The whole sort of my craft be all mard at once  
The wind is so weake it stirreth not our stones  
Nor scantly can shatter the shitten saile  
That hangeth shattering at a womans taile  
The raine neuer resteth so long be the showres  
from tyme to beginnyng til foure and twenty howres  
And end when it shall at nyght or at none  
An other beginneth as soone as that is done  
Such reueil of raine ye knowe well inough  
Destroyeth winde be it neuer so rough  
wherby since our milles be come to still standyng  
Now may we wind millers go euen to hangyng  
A miller with a mozen and a mischysse  
who would be a myller, as good be a thefe**

**C.iii.**

**yet is**

Yet in tyme past when gryndyng was plentye  
Who were so lyke good felowes as we  
As fast as god made coine soe myllers made meale  
Which might not be forborne for common weale  
But let this gere passe I feare our pryde  
Is cause of the care which god doth vs prouyde,  
Wherfore I submitte me entending to see  
What conuoyt may come by humillitee  
And now at this tyme they sayde in the crye  
The god is come downe to shape remedye.

**¶**Very report.

No doubt he is here euen in ponder stone  
But in your matter he trusteth me alone  
Wherin I do perceiue by your complaynt  
Oppression of rayne doth make the wynde so faynte  
That the windmyllers be cleane cast a waye

**¶**Wind miller.

If Iupiter helpe not it is as you saye  
But in fewe wordes to tell you my mynd rounde  
Upon thys conditio[n] I would be bounde  
Day by day to say our ladyes saulter  
That in this worlde were no drop of water  
Nor neuer rayne but wynde continuall  
Then shoulde we windmyllers be lord ouer all

**¶**Very report.

Come on and assaye how you twoayne can agree  
A brother of yours a myller as ye be

**¶**Water miller.

By meane of our crafte we may be brothers  
But whyles we lyue we shall neuer be louers  
We be of one crafte but not of one kynde  
I lyue by water and he by the wynde

**¶**Here Very report goeth out

**And say**

And say as ye desyre winde continuall  
So would I haue rayne euermore to fall  
Whiche thco in experience ryght w<sup>is</sup>  
Right selde or neuer together ca<sup>me</sup>  
For as long as the winde ruleth it is playne  
Twenty to one ye get no drop of rayne  
And when the element is to farre opprest  
Downe commeth the rayne and setteth the wind at rest  
By thys ye se we cannot both obtayne  
For ye must lacke winde or I must lacke rayne  
Wherfore I thinke good before thys audience  
Eche for our selfe to saye or we go hence  
And whome is thought weakest when we haue finishte  
Leaue of his lute and content to be banishte

**Wynd myller.**

In fayth agreede and then by your lycence  
Our mylles for a tyme shall stand in suspence  
Sins water and wynde is chiefely our lute  
Whiche best may be spared we wyll first dispute  
Wherfore to the sea my reason shall resorte  
Where shippes by meane of wynde try from port to port  
From land to land in distaunce many a myle  
Great is the passage and smale is the whyle  
So great is the profyt as to me doth seme  
That no mans wisdom the wealth can exteme  
And sins the wynd is conueter of all  
Who but the winde shoulde haue thanke aboue all

**Water miller.**

Amyste in thys place a tree here to growe  
And therat the wynde in greate rage to blowe  
When it hath all blowen thys is a cleare case  
The tree remoueth no here bredth from hys place  
No more woulde the shippes blowe the best it coulde  
Although



Yet I thinke organs no such commodities  
Wherby the water should banished be  
And for your bagpipes I take them as nyll  
Your matter is al in fancies and trifles

**Wind myller.**

By god but ye shall not trifle me of so  
If these things serue not I wyll reherse mo  
And now to mind there is one olde prouerbe come  
One bushell of marche dust is worth a kyngs raunsome  
What is a hundred thousand bushels worth than

**Water miller.**

Not one myte for the thyng it seife to no man

**Wind myller.**

Why shall wynd euery where thus be obiecte  
Nay in the hye wayes it shall take effect  
Where as the rayne doth neuer good but hurt  
For wynd maketh but dust and water maketh dur  
Howder or syrop syrs which lycke ye best  
Who licketh not the tone may licke bp the rest  
But sure who soeuer hath assayed such sippes  
Had leuer haue dusty eyes then durty lippes  
And it is sayne sinz afoze we were borne  
That drought doth neuer make derth of corne  
And wel it is knownen to the most foole here  
How rayne hath prynced corne within this seven yere.

**Water miller.**

Syr I pray thee spare me a litle season  
And I shall breuely conclude thee with reason  
Put case one sommers day without winde to be  
And ragious wind in winter dayes two or thre  
Much more shall dye that one calme daye in sommer  
Then shall those thre windy dayes in winter  
Whome shall we thanke for this when all is done?

**D.i.**

**The**

The thanke to wynde may thanke chiefly the sunne,  
And so for drought if corne therby encrease,  
The sunne doth comfort and ripe al doubtles;  
And oft the wynde so layeth the corne God wot,  
That neuer after can it rype but rot.  
If drought tooke place as ye say, yet may ye see,  
Little helpeth the wynde in thys cominoditie.  
But now sy? I denye your principle,  
If drought euer were, it were impossible  
To haue any grayne, for it cannot grow,  
Ye must plow your land, harrow and sow.  
Which wyl not be, except ye may haue rayne,  
To temper the ground. And after agayne,  
For springing and pluinming al maner of corne,  
Yet must ye haue water, or al is forlozue.  
If ye take water for no cominodity,  
Yet must ye take it for thinges of necessity,  
For washing, for scouring, and al fylth clensing,  
Wher water lacketh, ther is beasty being.  
In byring, in baking in dressing of meate  
If ye lacke water what could ye drink or eate  
Without water could lyue neyther man nor beaste  
For water preserueth both most and leaste  
For water could I saye a thousand thinges mo  
Sauing as now the tyme wyl not serue so  
And as for that winde that you do sue for  
Is good for your windmyll and for no more  
Sy? sicke all thys in experience is tryde  
I say the matter standeth clere on my syde

¶ Windmiller.

Well since this wyl not serue I wyl alledge the reste  
Sy? for your myll I say myne is the beste  
My wyndmill shall grende more corne in an houre

They

Then thy water myll shall in thye or foure  
Be moze then thyne should in a whole yeare  
If thou mightest haue as thou hast wyshed here  
For thou desirest to haue excesse of rayne  
Which to thee were the worst thou couldest obtayne  
For if thou diddest it were a playne induccion  
To make thine owne desyre thine owne destruction  
For in excesse of rayne at any floode  
Your mylles must stand styll they can do no good  
And when the wynd doth blowe the vttermost  
Our windmylles walke a mayne in euery coast  
For as we se the wind in his estate  
We moder our sayles after the same rate  
Since our mylles grind so farre faster then yours  
And also they may grind at all tymes and houres  
I say we nede no water mylles at all  
For wind mylles be sufficient to serue all

¶ Water myller.

Thou speakest of all and considerest not halfe  
In boast of thy gryst thou art as wise as a calfe  
For though aboue vs your mylles grynde farre faster  
What helpe to those from whome ye be much farther  
And of two sortes if the tone should be conserued  
I thinke it mete the most number be serued  
In bales and weldes where most commoditie is  
There is most people ye must graunt me thys  
On hylles and downes which partys are moste barayne  
There must be fewe it can no mo sustayne  
I dare well saye if it were tried euen now  
That there is ten of vs to one of you  
And where should chiefly and necessarye be  
But there as people are most in plentye  
More reason that you come seven myle to myll

Then all we of the vale would chime the hymn  
If rayne came reasonable as I requyre it  
We would of your windmilles haue nede no whyte,  
Here entreteth Merry report.

Merry report.

Stop foliſhe knaues for your reasoning is ſuch  
That ye haue reaſoned euen inough and to much  
I hard all the wordes that ye both haue had  
So helpe me god the knaues be more then mad  
Nothet of them both that hath wyf noꝝ grace  
To perceiue that both milles may ſerue in place  
Betwene water and winde there is no ſuch let  
But eche mill may haue tyme to vſe his feate  
Which thing I can tel by experience  
For I haue of mine owne not farre from hence  
In a corner together a couple of milles  
Standyng in a marres betwene two hilles  
Not of inheritaunce but by my wyfe  
She is feofed in the taylor for terme of her lyfe  
The one of wind the other of water  
And of them both I thanke god there ſtandeth nothet  
For in a good houte be it ſpoken  
The water gates is not ſooner open  
But clap ſayth the windmill euen ſtreight behynde  
There is good ſpede the diuyl and all they grynde  
But whether the hopper be duſty  
Or that the millſtones be ſomewhat ruſty  
By the maſſe the meale is myſcheyous muſty  
And if ye thinke my tale be not truſtye  
I make ye trewe promiſe come when ye lyſt  
We ſhall ſynde meane ye ſhall taſte of the gryſt

Water myller.

The coꝛne at receite happely is not good

Merry

**C**Very reporte.

There can be no sweeter by the sweete roode  
Another thing yet which shall not be cloked  
My water myll many tymes is choked.

**W**ater myller.

So wyll he be though ye should burst yonr bones,  
Except ye be perfect in setting of stones  
Feare not the lydger beware your rinner  
Yet this for the lydger or ye haue wonne her  
Perchaunce your lydger doth lacke good peckynge

**C**Very reporte.

So sayth my wyfe and that maketh all our chekyng  
She would haue the myll peck euery day  
But by god myllers must pecke when they maye  
So oft haue we peck that our stones waxe right thynne  
And all our other gere not worth a pinne  
For with peckynge and peckynge I haue so wrought  
That I haue pecked a good peckynge yron to nought  
How be it if I like not better tyl her  
My wyfe sayth she wyll haue a newe myller  
But let it passe and now to our matter  
I saye my mylles lacke nother winde nor water  
No more doth yours as farre as nede doth requyre  
But since ye cannot agre I wyll desyre  
Iupiter to set you both in such rest  
As to your wealth and his honour may stande best

**W**ater myller.

I pray you hartely remember me

**W**ynd myller.

Let not me be forgotten I beseeche ye.

**B**oth myllers goeth forth.

**C**Very reporte.

If I remember you not both a lyke

D.iii.

I woud

I would ye were ouer the eares in the dyke  
Nowe be we ryd of two knaues at one chaunce  
By saint Thomas it is a knauish ryddaunce.

**C** The gentelwoman entreth.

**C** Gentlewoman.

Now good god what a folly is this.  
What shoulde I do where so much people is  
I knowe not howe to passe in to the god nowse.

**C** Mery report.

No but he knowes how to passe into you

**C** Gentlewoman.

I praye you let me in at the backside

**C** Mery report.

Yea shall I for and your forsyde to wyde  
Nay not yet but since ye loue to be alone  
We twayne will into a corner anone  
But first I pray you come your waye hither  
And let vs twayne chat a whyle together

**C** Gentlewoman.

Syr as to you I haue litle matter  
My comynge is to speake with Iupiter.

**C** Mery report.

Stand ye styll a whyle and I wyll go proue  
Whether that the god wyll be brought in loue  
My lord how now looke vp lustely  
Here is a darlyng come by saynt Antony  
And if it be your pleasure to marry  
Speake quickly for she maye not tarry  
In fayth I thinke ye maye winne her anone  
For she would speake with your lordshyppe alone

**C** Iupiter.

Sonne that is not the thing at this tyme ment  
If her sute concerne no cause of our hither resorte

Sende

Send her out of place, but if she be bent  
To that purpose, heare her and make vs reporte.

**C**Very reporte.

I count women lost if we loue them not well  
For ye se god loueth them neuer a deale  
Maistres ye cannot speake with the god.

**C**Gentlewoman.

No, why.

**C**Very reporte

By my fayth for his lordshipp is right busy,  
With a peece of worke that nedes must be done,  
Euen now is he making of a new moone.  
He sayth your old moones be so farre tasted,  
That al the goodnes of them is wasted.  
Which of the great weate hath bene most matter,  
For old moones be leake they can hold no water.  
But for this new moone I durst lay my gowne,  
Except a few droppes at her going downe,  
We get no rayne tyl her arisyng,  
Without it nede, and then no mans deuising  
Could with the fashion of rayne to be so good,  
Not gushing out like gutters of Noes flood,  
But smal droppes sprinkling softly on the ground,  
Though they fal on a sponge they would geue no sound.  
This new moone shal make a thing spring more in thys  
Then a old moon shal while a mā may go a myle. (while  
By that tyme the God hath al made an ende,  
We shal see how the weather wyl amende.  
By saint Anne he goeth to worke euen boldly,  
I thinke him wyse inough, for he looketh oldly.  
Wherfore maystres be ye now of good cheare,  
For though in his presence ye cannot appeare,  
Tell me your matter, and let me alone,

May

May happe I wyll rynde on you when you be gone  
Gentlewoman.

Forsoth the cause of my cownyng is thys  
I am a woman ryght fayre as ye se  
In no creature more beuty then in me is  
And since I am fayre, fayre would I kepe me  
But the sunne in summer so soze doth burn me  
In winter the wind on euery syde me  
No part of the yeare wote I where to turn me  
But euen in my house am I fayne to hyle me  
And so do all other that beuty haue  
In whose name at this tyme this sute I make)  
Beseeching Iupiter to graunt that I craue  
Whiche is that it may please him for our sake  
To send vs weather close and temperate  
No sunne shyne no frost nor no wynd to blowe  
Then would we iet streetes tryn as a barrat  
We should se how we would set our selfe to w<sup>or</sup>ke

Meri report.

Yet where ye wyll I swere by saint Quintine  
Ye passe them all both in your owne conceyte and myne

Gentlewoman.

If we had weather to walke at our pleasure  
Our lyues would be mery out of measure  
One parte of the day of our apparelyng  
Another parte for eatyng and drynkynge  
And all the rest in streetes to be walkyng  
Or in the house to passe tyme with talkyng

Meri report.

When serue ye god?

Gentlewoman.

Whos bo leth in vertue are but dawes

Meri report.

Ye do

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We do the better namely since there is no cause  
How spend ye the nyght.

**[Gentlewoman.]**

In dauncing and singing  
Till mydnyght and then fall to sleeping

**[Mery reposte.]**

Why sweete hart by your false fayth can ye syng

**[Gentlewoman.]**

Nay nay, but I loue it aboue al thing.

**[Mery reposte.]**

Now by my trouth for the loue that I owe you  
You shall heare what pleasure I can shewe you  
One song haue I for you such as it is  
And if it were better ye should haue it by gys

**[Gentlewoman.]**

Mary sy: I thanke you hartely.

**[Mery reposte.]**

Come on sy: but let vs sing lustely.

Here they syng.

**[Gentlewoman.]**

Sy: it is well done I hartely thanke you  
Ye haue don me pleasure I make god a bowe  
Once in a nyght I long for such a lile  
For long tyme haue I ben brought vp in it

**[Mery reposte.]**

Oft tymes is seene both in court and towne  
Long be women a bringing vp and sone brought down  
So fete it is, so nete it is, so nyse it is,  
So trycke it is, so quicke it is, so wyse it is,  
I feare my selfe except I may entreate her  
I am so farte in loue I shall forget her  
Nowe good mistres I pray you let me kis ye.

**[Mery reposte.]** Kiss me

**Gentleman.**  
Kys me quoth a why may sy? I wots ye  
**Very report.**

What yes hardly kys me once and no more  
I neuer desired to kys you before

**Here the Launder commeth in.**  
Why haue you alway kyst her behynde  
In fayth good inough if it be your mynde  
And if your appetite serue you so to do  
By lady I would ye had kyst myns ars to  
**Very report.**

To whom dost thou speake soule hore canst thou tel  
**Launder.**

Now by my trouth sy? I woot not very well  
But by coniecture this ges I haue  
That I do speake to an olde bandy knave  
I sawe you dayly with your slipper the cocked  
I rede you beware the picke not your pocket  
Such ydle huswifes do now and than  
Thinke all well wone that they picke from a man  
Yet such of some men shall haue more fauour  
Than we that for them dayly toyle and labour  
But I trust the god wyll be so indifferent  
That he shall faile some part of her intent

**Very report.**  
No doubt he wyll deale so graciously  
That all folke shall be serued indifferently  
How be it I tell the truth my office is such  
That I must report eche sute either litle or much  
Wherfore with the god since thou canst not speake  
Trust me with thy sute I wyll not fayle it to breake

**Launder.**  
Then leane not to much to yonder gyllet

for her

For her desyre contrary to myne is set  
I herde by her tale she would banishe the sunne  
And then were we poore launders al undone  
Except the Sunne shine that our clothes maye drye  
We can do ryght naught in our laundry  
In nother maner losse if we shoulde mis  
Then of such nicebiceters as she is  
**Gentlewoman.**

I thinke it better that thou enuy me  
Then I shoulde stand at rewarde of thy pitye  
It is the guyse of such grosse quenes as thou art  
With such as I am euermore to thwart  
Bycause that no beutye ye can obtayne  
Therefore ye haue vs that be fayre in disdayne

**Lauder.**  
When I was yong as thou art now  
I was with in litle as fayre as thou  
And so myght haue kept me if I had woulde  
And as derely my youth I myght haue solde  
As the trickest and fayrest of you all  
But I feared perrells that after might fall  
Wherefore some busines I did me prouide  
Least vice myght enter on enery syde  
Which hath fre entry where ydelnesse doth rayne  
It is not the beauty that I disdayne  
But thine ydle lyfe that thou hast rehearsed  
Which any good womans hart would haue perced  
For I perceiue in daunsing and singyng  
In eatyng and drinkyng and thyne apparatys  
Is all thy lye wherein thy hart is set  
But nought of all thys doth thine own labour get  
For haddest thou nothyng but of thyne owne trauayle  
Thou mightest go as naked as my mayle.

We thinke thou shouldest abhorre such idelnes  
And passe the tyme in some other busines  
Better to lese some parte of thy beuty  
Then oft to be ieoberd all thine honestye  
But I thinke rather then thou wouldest do so  
Thou haddest leuer haue vs lyue idelly to  
And so no doubt we should if thou mightest haue  
The clere Sunne banysh as thou dost craue  
Then were we launders mard and vnto thee  
Thine owne request were smale commoditie  
For of these twayne I thinke it farre better  
Thy face were sone burned and thy clothes the sweter  
Then that the sunne from shining should be smitten  
To kepe thy face saye and thy smocke be bitten  
Syr how lyke ye my reason in her case.

**C**Very report.

Such a raylyng hore by the holy masse  
I neuer hard in all my lyfe tyl now  
In dede I loue ryght well the tone of you  
But o? I would kepe you both by gods mother  
The deuill shall haue the one to fetch the other

**C**Lauder.

Promise me to speake that the sunne may wyne bryghte  
And I will be gon quickly for all nyght

**C**Very report.

Get you both hence I praye hartely  
Your lutes I perceiue and wyll report them truely  
Vnto Jupiter at the next leysure  
And in the same desyre to knowe his pleasure  
Which knowledge had euen as he doth knowe it  
Feare ye not time inough ye shall knowe it.

**C**Gentle woman.

Syr if ye medle remember me first

**Lauder**

**Lauder.**

**Then in this medlyng my part shall be the worst  
Mery report.**

**Now I beseehe our Lord the dyuill thee brust  
Who medleth with many I holde him a curst  
Thou hoze can I meddle with you both at once  
Here the Gentlewoman goeth forth.**

**Lauder.**

**By the masse knaue I would I had both thy stones  
In my purse, if thou meddle not indifferentlye  
That both our matters in issue maye be likely**

**Mery report.**

**Many words little matter and to no purpose  
Such is the effect that thou dost disclose  
The more ye byb the more ye bable  
The more ye bable the more ye fable  
The more ye fable the more vnstable  
The more vnstable the more vnable  
In any manner thing to do any good  
No hurt though he were hanged by the holy roode.**

**Lauder.**

**The lesse your silence the lesse your credence  
The lesse your credence the lesse your honestye  
The lesse your honestye the lesse your assistance  
The lesse your assistance the lesse your hability  
In you to do ought toherfoze so god me saue  
No hurt in hangyng such a raylyng knaue.**

**Mery report.**

**What monster is this I neuer harde none such  
For looke how much more I haue made her to much  
And so farre at least she hath made me to little.  
Whete be ye Lauder. I thinke in some spyttle  
Ye shall washe me no gere for feare of frettyngs**

**C.iii.**

**I loue**

I loue no Launderers that drynke my gere in wettyng  
I pray thee go hence and let me be in rest  
I wyll do thine errand as I thinke it best

**C**lauder.

Now would I take my leaue if I wist howe  
The lenger thou lyuest the more knaue thou.

**C**Very report.

The lenger thou lyuest the pitye the greater  
The soner thou be ryd the tydynges the better  
Is not this a swete office that I haue  
When euery dyab shall call me knaue  
Euery man knoweth not what gods seruice is  
Nor I my selfe knewe it not before thys  
I thinke gods seruants may lyue holply  
But the diuels seruants lyue more merely  
I knowe not what god geueth in standing fees  
But the diuels seruants haue caswaltees  
A hundredth tymes mo then gods seruants haue  
For though ye be nere so starke a knaue  
If ye lacke mony the diuyl wyll do worke  
But hyng you streyght to a nother mans purse  
Then wyll the diuell promote you here in thys worlde  
As unto such rych it doth most accord  
First pater noster quites in celis  
And then ye shall fence the strete with your helles  
The greatest frende you haue in felde or towne  
Standing a typto shall not reache your crowne

**C**The boy cometh in the least that can playe

**C**The same is euen he by all lykely hode

Sy: I praye you be not you mayster god

**C**Very reporte.

Now in good fayth sonne, but I may say to thee  
I am such a man that god maye not mylle me  
wherfore

wherefore with the god if thou wouldest haue ought den  
Tell me thy mynde and I shall lette it soone  
Boye.

Forsooth sy: my mynde is thus at fewe words  
All my pleasure is in catching of byrdes  
And makynge of snowbales and throwyng the same  
For the which purpose to haue set in frame  
With my godfather god I would fayne haue spoken  
Despyrnyng him to haue sent me by some token  
Where I myght haue had great frost for my pitfallis  
And plenty of snowe to make my snowe ballis  
This once had, boyes lyues be such as no man leddis  
O to se my snowe ballis lyght on my felowes heddis  
And to heare the byrdes how they flicker their wynges  
In the pitfalle, I say it passeth all thynges  
Sy: if ye be gods sernaunt or his kinsman  
I praye you helpe me in this if ye can

¶ Very reporte  
Alas poore boy who sent the hether.

¶ Boye.

A hundreth boyes that stode together  
Where they hard one saye in a crye  
That my godfather god almighty  
Was come fraim heauen by his one accord  
This night to suppe here with my lord  
And farther he sayde come whoso woull  
They shall sure haue their bellies full  
Of all weathers who list to craue  
Eche sorte such weather as they list to haue  
And when my felowes thought this would be had  
And sawe me so prety a prateling lad  
Upon a greiment with a greafe noyse  
Send lyttle Dycke cryed all the boyes

By whose

By whole assent I am purueled  
To sue for the weather aforesayde  
Wherin I praye you to be good as thus  
To helpe that god may geue it vs.

**C**Very reporte.

Geue boyes wether quoth a nonny nonny  
Boye.

If God of his weather will geue nonny  
I praye you wyll he sell anye  
Or send vs a busshell of snowe or twayne  
And paynt vs a day to pay him agayne.

**C**Very reporte

I cannot tell for by this lighte  
I chept nor borrowed none of him this nighte  
But by such myfte as I wyll make  
Thou shalt see soone what way he wyll take.

Boye.

Syr I thanke you then may I departe.

**C**The boye goeth forth.

**C**Very reporte.

We fare well good soone with all my harte  
Nowe such another sort as here hath ben  
In all the dayes of my lyfe I haue not seene  
No luters nowe but women, knaues, and boyes,  
And all their lutes are in fantasies and toyes  
If that there come no myser after thys crye  
I wyll to the God and make an end quickely  
Oyes: If that any knaue here  
Be wyllyng to appeare  
For weather foule or cleare  
Come in before thys flocke  
And be he whole or sickely  
Come shewe hys minde quickely

And

And this tale be not lyke  
We shall lyke my tale in the north  
All this tyme I perceiue ye spent in waste  
To wayte for mo suters I see none make haste  
Wherfore I wyll shewe the god all this proces  
And be deliuered of my simple offyce  
Now lord accordyng to your commaundement  
Attendyng suters I haue ben diligent  
And at beginnyng as your will was I should  
I come nowe to end to shewe what eche man woulde  
The first suter befoze your self dyd appeare  
A gentleman desirynge weather cleare  
Cloudy no: mistye no: no winde to blowe  
For hurt in his huntynge, and then as ye knowe  
The marchaunt sued for all of that kynde  
For weather clere and mesurable winde  
As they may best beare their sayles to make speede  
And straght after this there came to me in dede  
Another who named himselfe a ranger  
And sayde all his craft be farre brought in daunger  
For lacke of living which chieflly is windfall  
But he playnely sayth there bloweth no winde at all  
Wherfore he desyeth for euercease of there fleshs  
Extreme rage of wind, trees to teare in peces  
Then came a water myller and he cryed out  
For water and sayde the winde was so stoute  
The rayne could not fall, wherfore he made request  
For plenty of rayne to set the wind at rest.  
And then sy: there came a wind miller in  
Who sayd for the rayne he coulde no winde win  
The water he wyght to be banyshd all  
Besechyng your grace of windes continuall  
Then came there a nother tha woulde banishe all this  
I. I. I goodly

A goodly dame an ydle thyng she is  
 Wind rayne noz frost noz sunshyne would she haue  
 But saye close weather her beute to saue  
 Then came there a nether that lyueth by laundry  
 Who must haue weather hote & clere her clothes to dry  
 Then came there a boye for frost and snowe continual  
 Snowe to make snobales, and frost for his pitfall  
 For which god wot he sueth full greedely  
 Your first man would haue weather clere & not windy  
 The second the same saue cooles to blowe meanly  
 The thyrd desyred stormes and winde most extremely  
 The fourth all water, and would haue no winde  
 The fyft no water, but wind to grinde  
 The sixt would haue none of all these noz no bright son  
 The seuenth extremly the hot son would haue woone  
 The eyght and the last for frost and snowe he prayed  
 By lady we shall take shame I am a frayde  
 Who marketh in what maner this sorte is led  
 May thinke it impossible all to be sped  
 This number is smale there lacketh thwayne of ten  
 And yet by the masse among ten thousand men  
 No one thyng could stand more wyde from the other  
 Not one of their lites agreeth with an other  
 I promise you here is a methode pece of worke  
 This gere wyll trye whether ye be a clarke  
 If ye trust to me it is a greates foly  
 For it passeth my braynes by gods bodye.

**Jupiter.**

Son thou hast ben diligent and done so well  
 That thy labour is ryghte much thanke worthy  
 But be thou sure we nede no whyte thy counsell  
 For in our selfe we haue foresene remedy  
 Which thou shalt se, but first depart quickly

**To the**

To the gentleman and all other suters here  
And commaund them all before vs to appeare

**C**Very report.

That shalbe no longer in doyng  
Then I am in comynng and goyng

**C**Very report goeth out.

**C**Jupiter.

Such debate as from aboue ye haue herd  
Such debate beneath among your selues ye se  
As long as heades from temperaunce be deferd  
So long the bodyes in distemperaunce be  
This perceiue ye all but none can helpe saue we  
But as we there haue made peace concordantly  
So wyll we here now geue you remedy.

**C**Very report and all the suters entreteth

**C**Very report.

If I had cougth them  
Or euer I rought them  
I would haue saught them  
To be nere me

Full dere haue I bought them  
Lord so I sought them  
Yet haue I brought them  
Such as they be

**C**Gentleman.

Please it your maiestye lord so it is  
We as your subiects an d humble suters all  
Accordyng as we here your pleasure is  
Are priesed to your presence being principall  
Heade and gouernour of all in euery place  
Who is yeth not in your syght no loy can haue  
Wherfore we all commit vs to your grace  
As lord of lordys vs to perysh or saue

**A.**ff.

**Jupiter**

**Emper.**

As long as discretion so well doth you gyde  
Obediently to vse your dutye  
Doubt ye not we shall your safetie prouyde  
Your greues we haue hard wherfore we sent for ye  
To receiue aunswere eche man in his degree  
And first to content most reason it is  
The first man that lude wherfore marke ye thys  
Oft shall ye haue the weather clere and styll  
To hunt in for recompence of your payne  
Also your marchauntes shall haue much your wyll  
For oftymes when no winde on land doth remayne  
Yet on the sea pleasaunt cooles you shall obtrayne  
And since your hunting may rest in the night  
Oft shall the wynde then ryse and before daylyght

It shall rattle downe the wood in such case  
That all ye rangers the better lyue may  
And ye water myllers shall obtrayne thys grace  
Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey  
When at the selfe tymes on hylles we shall puruey  
Fayr weather for your windmilles with such cooles of  
As in one instant both kinds of milles may grind (wid)

And for ye fayre women that close weather would haue  
We shall prouyde that ye may sufficiently  
Haue tyme to walke in and your beute saue  
And yet shall ye haue that lyueth by laundrye  
The hote sunne oft inough your clothes to drye  
Also ye preaty child shall haue both frost and snowe  
Nowe marke thys conclusion we charge you a rowe

Much bette & haue we nowe deuised for ye all

**Then**

Then ye all can perceiue or could beſee  
Eche of your ſate to haue continual  
Such weather as his craft onely doth require  
All weathers in all places if men al times myght ſee  
who could lyue by other what is this necligence  
Us to attempt in ſuch inconuenience

Nowe on the other ſyde if we had graunted  
The full of the ſome one ſate and no mo  
And from all the reſt the weather had forbyd  
Yet who ſo had obtayned, had wonne his owne too  
There is no one craft can preſerue man ſo  
But by other craftes of neceſſitie  
He muſt haue much parte of his commoditie

All to ſerue at once and one deſtroye another  
Or elles to ſerue one and deſtroye all the reſt  
No other wyll we do the one nor the other  
But ſerue as many or as fewe as we thinke beſt  
And where or what tyme to ſerue moſt or leſt  
The dyrection of that doubtles ſhall ſtande  
Perpetually in the power of our hand

Wherefore we wyll the whole world attend  
Eche ſorte on ſuch weather as for them doth fall  
Nowe one nowe other as lyketh vs to ſend  
Who that hath it ply it and ſerue we ſhall  
So guide the weather in courſe to you all  
That eche with other ye ſhall whole remayne  
In pleaſure and plentifull wealth certayne

**G**entlewoman.

Bleſſed was the tyme wherein we were borne  
Fyrſt for the bliſſfull chaunce of your godly preſence

*A.iii.*

*Next*

Next for our sake was there neuer man before  
That euer hard so excellent a sentence  
As your grace hath geuen to vs all arour  
Wherin your highnes hath so bountefully  
Distributed my part that your grace shall knowe  
Your selfe sole possessor of hartes of al chyualtry

**C Marchaunt.**

Lyke wyse we marchaunts shall yelde vs wholy  
Onely to laude the name of Iupiter  
As god of all gods you to serue soly  
For of euery thing I fe you are noyther

**C Ranger.**

No doubt it is so for so we nowe fynde  
Wherin your grace vs rangers so doth binde  
That we shall geue you our hartes with one accord  
For knowledge to knowe you as our onely lord.

**C Water myller.**

Well I can no more but for our water  
Wee shall geue your lordshipp our ladyes saulter

**C Wynd myller.**

Much haue ye bound vs for as I be saued  
We haue all obtayned better then we craved

**C Gentlewoman.**

That is true wherfore your grace shall truly  
The hartes of such as I am haue surely

**C Launder.**

And such as I am who be as good as you  
His highnes shall be suer on I make god a bowe

**C Boye.**

Godfather god I wyll do somwhat for you a gayne  
By Christ ye may happe to haue a byrd or twayne  
And I promise you if any snowe come  
When I make snoballys ye shall haue some.

**Mery**

**E**very report.

God thank your lordship lo howe this is brought to pass  
Sins now shall ye haue the weather euen as it was

**J**upiter.

We nede no wbyr our selfe any further to boaste  
For our dedes declare vs apparauntly  
Not onely here on earth in euery coast  
But also aboue in the heauenly company  
Our prudence hath made peace vniuersally  
Which thing we say recordeth vs as principall  
God and gouernour of heauen earth and all

Nowe vnto that heauen we wyll most retourne  
Where we be glorified most triumphantly  
Also we wyll all ye that on earth sojourne  
Since cause geueth cause to knowe vs your lord onely  
And nowe here to singe most ioyfully  
Reloying in vs and in meane tyme we shall  
Ascend into our trone celestiall.

**f f a f s.**

**Impzinted at Lon**  
don by Ihon Awdeley dwelling  
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